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TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE

EVENING EDITION

THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11. was as follows :

MONDAY	114,540
TUESDAY	110,100
WEDNESDAY	104.360
THURSDAY	04,300
FRIDAY	100.680
SATURDAY	112,120

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

Mr. BLAINE may well pray to be delivered from his friends, especially from his "home

It is the reverse-of flattering to the man from Maine to have his letter interpreted as meaning directly the contrary of what he says. If Mr. BLAINE be the hypocrite and trickster that some of his near friends represent him as being, and is capable of writing a letter ostensibly to withdraw his name from consideration as a candidate, but really intended to help him to the nomination that he desires and expects, he is not a fit man for President.

We do Mr. BLAINE the justice of believing him to be sincere.

SETH LOW'S PLAIN SPEAKING. It is a real satisfaction to find one Repub-

lican leader who has the full courage of right convictions. Ex-Mayor Low told the Brooklyn Repub-

lican League some wholesome truths last night. He said to the old stagers plumply that the "raising again of the old war-cry" places the Republican party "at a distinct disadvantage with the new voters." He declared also that the party "might as well expect to keep the ocean at high tide as to keep the tariff in time of peace substantially what it was in time of war."

Good for SETH Low! It is not the first time that he has been ahead of a laggard party and its blind leaders.

PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS.

The third murder within a few days by burglars caught at their work, suggests newly the need of more severe laws against this class of criminals.

An experienced Judge of the Supreme Court has said that burglary of an inhabited building should be made a capital offense, punishable by imprisonment for life.

Every burglar who enters a dwellinghouse, said the Judge, goes prepared and determined to take life if necessary to his success in robbery or his escape if discovered. The murderous intent exists, and cold-blooded preparation is made for the crime. Such a man is much more deserving of even the death penalty than is one who kills another without premeditation in the beat of passion.

Make burglary more risky and it will be come less common.

NO PRESS CENSORSUIT

Congressman Cumainos, of this city, did well to flesh his maiden sword in battling for the liberty of the press. And it proves that he can "think on his feet" as well as at the end of a pencil, and speaks to the point with force and effect, even in that parliamentary bear garden, the House of Representatives.

This country does not want and will not tolerate any censorship of the press from Washington, even in the matter of advertisements. The Pacific Railway ring and the other jobbers in legislation would, no doubt, like to begin such a system, but so long as this is America and not Russia it won't be

BY-BY, BOSS PLATT.

Boss PLATT has been a long time going, but unless the Senate of New York wears his brass collar he will now go for certain.

The Court has decided against him, and the Governor has nominated a new and strong Board of Quarantine Commissioners to take the place of the hold-overs.

It will be interesting to see the reasons advanced by any Republican Senator for voting against the confirmation of two men of their own party and one unexceptionable Democrat for these positions. It is time this scandal were ended.

THE EVENING WORLD'S record for last week, given at the head of this column, shows that it is stiff a remarkably vigorous and a rapidly growing "young one." Its editions kept above the 100,000 mark every day, a circulation equalled by but one other evening newspaper in this city.

There are very few public men in this country whose public letter on a personal subject entirely within their control would give rise to a universal discussion as to their sincerity.

The good Dr. McGLYNN is showing himself to be "no slouch" of a politician.

Content vs. Discontent.

One, satisfied with what must be her lot— "Twas not a corner lot—screnely meant wever to wander from her humble cot, Made beautiful by wise and sweet content. And one, dissatished with all he had, Boved from his place into the world's mad whiri What did he find? Well, it was not so had— The fellow found that gottage and that girl,

WHAT INTERESTS GRAIN BROKERS.

CATY MOOTE IS MAKING & DIG TEPUTENION AS & MAN DEEN OF

Dan Tuthill says: "The rumor is false. I am ot going to open a bun bakery." Bill Hebert is said to be making preparations to o on the stage as a prestidigitateur.

Brokers Knox and Green are said to be thinking eriously of starting a laundry firm. Tommy Young has refused a flattering offer to sing baratone with the American Opera.

Callaghan has just returned from his wedding tour. He says he's sorry he didn't marry long ago. The boys are talking of backing John, the German glant, against John L., when the latter returns

from abroad. A feeling of profound sympathy is everywhere expressed for good-natured and popular Dan Dixon, who is lying dangerously ill with pneu-

The unusual number of black eyes on 'Change lately suggests slippery neighborhoods, unsteady legs, boxing lessons or hitting the market the Wrong way.

Goldy says: " Now that Bismarck has run his bill through the Reichstag war clouds have disappeared, and, according to Hoyle, a toboggan slide

The Produce Exchange Toboggan Club, with their four steel runner tobogs, "Bull," "Bear,"
"Cyclone" and "Bob Cooke" make things lively" at the Polo Grounds nowadays.

Jovial Gene Herrick is again in the grain pit. He says he hasn't taken any decided stand on the market up to date-sees nothing in it-can't read itonly playing for half a cent either way-giad to eatch it, if he's lucky.

WORLDLINGS.

The unusual sight of a rainbow in the sky, with the temperature fifteen degrees below zero, was witnessed at Franklin, Pa., a few days ago,

The latest musical prodigy to come into notice i little Vincent Emmet Kaup, of Taylorville, Ind. He is two and a baif years old and sings in a clear, sweet voice any song that he has ever heard.

A. H. Green, of Greenwood, Tenn., died recently of a broken heart. He was prostrated with grief at the death of his daughter Jessie, who was killed in a railroad collision several weeks ago, and never recovered from the shock. Elia Wheeler Wilcox told a Milwaukee reporter

that she does almost all of her writing at night, spending her mornings in the performance of household duties and the afternoons in making calls. She does her own marketing, and has daily interview with her butcher and grocer. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congreat, who is noted for his wonderful memory, is

nearly sixty-three years old. He is of slight physique, dark complexioned, with iron gray whiskers, and is usually seen bundled up in a heavy vercoat, with a blue muffler around his neck. He has held his present position for twenty-three years. The Deputy Clerk of the Hennepin County (Minn.)

Court says that during the past twenty years 2,000 marriages have been solomnized in and around St. Paul of which no returns have been made to the Clerk's office. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as legal, and much difficulty will arise in proving them in cases where heirs are contesting for an estate or in applications for pensions.

Thousands of blind crows were seen in the woods and fields near Chattanooga recently, and people had no difficulty in approaching and seizing them. No one knows what caused their blindness. A similar phenomenon was observed there three years ago, when so many blind crows were seen around the city that the ground was black with them, and thousands of them died of starvation.

Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman who has lived for several years at Guanajuata, Mexico, is now erecting in a suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend \$6,000,000. The building will be not less than 100 feet high. and it will be surrounded by immense gardens that will recall the famed hanging gardens of Babylon, and to which access will be gained by a giganti elevator.

Capt. Calhoun, an old resident of St. Joseph County, Mich. , died in Florence Township recently, four sons, who had been separated for eighteen years, came home to attend the funeral, They rode in the same car unknown to each other from Chicago to White Pigeon, two of them occu pying the same seat, and it was not until they all tried to get the same conveyance to take them to the old homestead that their identity was disclosed to each other.



A VICTIM OF THE SAINT. [From Harper's Basar.]

St. Valentine's Day.

(From Puck.)
"There is a good deal of poetry about St. Valen tine's Day," said one Hariem woman to another. " Yes, there's a good deal more of it about that there ought to be. I've received twenty-seven o the slurs that must have cost fully a cent aplece !' and her nose went up until it touched her bang.

Facetim.

ST. VALENTINE HIS DAY.

ST. VALENTINE HIS DAY.

[From Harpers' Hause.]

My Nance—I would that she were minel—Yes, verily—
Is buxom, and her eyes they shine—Ay, merrily—
For all but me; now what can I,
But peak and pine, and mope and die,
When she hath eyes for all but me,
And mocks my love with careless glee,
So cheerily?

No longer will I peak and pine— Nay, verily. I'll send my Nance a valentine— I'll trim it round with rose and bud, And hearts all bleeding drops of blood, And Cupid bending sly his bow; And Loves that laugh and kisses blow. So cheerily.

No longer shall she look askance—
Nay, verily;
For smile she must, my buxom Nance—
Ay, merrily.
I'll take a kiss for every rose—
Who would not kiss red lips like those 7
For every bud a kiss I'll take.
I'll smile she must, for Cupid's sake,
So cheerily.

Good saint, I bless thee for this day-Yea, verily,
I'll hie me to the sports away,
So merrily,
And trip it with my sprightly Nance, For she has promised me the dance.
No longer may I peak and olne.
For she shall be my Valentine.
So cheerly.—Walter Clarks.

So cheerily.

An Unnecessary Question.

tFrom Texas Siftings. | Kind Old Lady (to little boy who has just fallen down)-Where did you hurt yourself, little boy? Little Boy (crying)—Wh-where d'ye s'pose a f.f. feller hurts hisself when he sets down kerplunk?

A Romance of the Circus.

Police Capt. John Gunner.

Of the Sixty-seventh Street Station.

PART IV. [WRITTEN EXPRESSIV FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]



have met you I feel that the little girl will fare very well at your hands. Since Dr. Ledvard assures me that the mother of the child is dead." I said, with a little stress on the words, "I think I may consider it a fortunate

thing for her to fall into such fortune as to be cared for by you. I will bring the girl o see you, if you like." "Thanks. I shall be glad to see her. Can

you bring her to-morrow morning?" she said, rising to terminate the present interview. Yes. I will be here with Zoe at 11, and if you will give me an assurance that you will take the responsibility of caring for her

hands," I said. "I will be at home at 11," the lady returned.

"You are sure you will not repent of your goodness?" I asked, smiling. She smiled faintly herself and said: " I think I shall not."

She bowed gracefully, but with this faint air of constraint, and Phil and myself took



SHE CLASPED HER IN HER ARMS. As soon as we had gotten out of sight of the nouse Phil turned to me eagerly. " My God, Capt, Gunner," he said," did

you notice "-" Of course I did," I interrupted. "The ame expression of the face, the same featares, the same figure! I made that last re-

mark on purpose to get her to smile, and did you see how strong the likeness was then?" 'I should say I did," said Phil. "I noticed the likeness the moment she came into the room. You would almost think it was

Mrs. Stone, except in the color of her eyes which were a deep blue, and in her complexion, which was very fair, was the exact pic-ture of Zoe! There was not the faintest trace of doubt in my mind that I had already found for the little girl her mother! No one could have

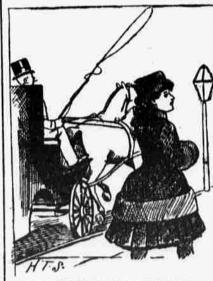
for the little girl her mother? No one could have seen the two for a moment without being struck by the extraordinary resemblance between them. I also settled in my mind that neither Mr. Stone nor Dr. Ledyard was father to the child. The Spanish in Zoe was too pronounced not to be an hereditary gift, and Mrs. Stone was a perfect type of the well-preserved American.

I called for Zoe the next morning and said to her: "Zoe, I am afraid you cannot find your mamma for some time, and perhaps you never may. You know she may be dead. But I have discovered a rich, kind lady who wishes to see you to-day and wants to have you come and stay with her. If you are good she may always keep you. It is not often. Zoe, that a girl has such an opportunity as you will have."

When Father Bonaventure, a few years after, was transferred to the Church of St. the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk, which was travelled among the check of the parish, succeeded him. His first pastorate was a brief one, but during this period he was able to carry out the design of the founder so, far that the ground for the parochial school was purchased and the work on the schoolhouse begun.

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Supt. Murray has been very fortunate in real estate ventures, each home he has origing hearly doubled in value. For his present home of the stone of the bean opportunity of the solon one of the church of St. the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk was a brief one one of the Church of St. the Rev Laurentius Vorwerk was a brief one one of the Church of St. the Rev Laurentius Vorwerk was a brief one one of the most travelled among then the church of St. the Rev Laurentius Vorwerk was a brief one one o



ZOE CAME TO BEE MR AT THE STATION. Zee assured me she would be very good On our way to Mrs. Stone's she asked me

On our way to Mrs. Stone's she asked me; "Captain, has that circus man who brought me to you been round again?"

"No. He hasn't anything more to do with you now." I answered.

"How long is the circus going to be at the Rink?" she asked next.

"Bother the circus, Zoe," I said a little impatiently. "Put that out of your head now. The less you think about circuses or acting the better." the better.

the better."

When we got to Mrs. Stone's and were shown into the parlor Zoe was evidently struck by the splendor and richness of the room. Her eyes wandered about from object to object eyes wandered about from object to object rapidly. But we were not kept waiting long. The plush portières that separated one room from another were parted and Mrs. Stone, dressed in some white trailing garment, appeared. Her eye fell on Zoe at once, and with a cry that was like a sob she rushed towards the girl, her arms and, pressing her to her bosom, kissed her forehead and lips repeatedly, while the tears filled her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

Poor Zoe was somewhat abashed by the excessive warmth of the reception, and with a child's bashfulness failed to respond. I said nothing, and Mrs. Stone, realizing that she was betraying an emotion hardly justified by the situation so far as she fancied it known, seated herself and, taking Zoe's hand, said to me:

"I san yery fond of children that fore the structure."

said to me :

said to me:

"I am very fond of children, Capt, Gunner, and the thought of such a beautiful little girl being friendless in the world has moved me very greatly. But I will take care of her now," and she smiled sweetly on Zoe and drew her nearer. "You will leave her with me, won't you, Captain?"

"Yes, madam; I see no reason why I

should not. I feel that Zoe is a lucky girl to have found so kind a protectress. Zoe," I continued, rising, "you must show you feel this good lady's kindness by being a wood girl and trying all you can to please her."

With this I took my leave, Mrs. Stone still believe Zoe bether.

With this I took my leave, Mrs. Stone still holding Zoe by the band.

A week later Zoe came to see me at the station-house. She drove up in a coupé, and a footman opened the carriage door for her to get out. She was dressed quite differently from the time I first saw her. Instead of the gay red and black dress she wore some soft silk, covered with lace, and had on a seal-skin sacque and coquettish cap of the same fur, while her small hands were daintly gloved.

She came over to me impulsively, with a bright smile on her lips, and, throwing her arms around my neck, kissed me in the most artless fashion in the world. Then she sat down, pulled off her kid gloves a little impatiently, as if she were somewhat constrained by such coverings for her hands, and began to talk.

strained by such coverings for her hands, and began to talk.

"Captain, it was so good of you to take me to such a dear lady. You see how I am dressed!" and she stretched out her hands gayly. "And I came here in a carriage, and a man in a long coat—the footman," she said, correcting herself with dignity—"opened the door for me.

"It is the same way at home. Mrs. Stone cannot do enough for me. She comes in my room every night and kisses me, and some times cries over me. Captain, why should she cry over me and be so fond of me?" she

she cry over me and be so fond of me?" she said curiously.

"Why, Zoe," I answered, "because she is fond of children and has none of her own, and then because you are a nice, pretty girl. Do you try to please her?"

"Oh, yes," said Zoe. "Why, Cantain, look at my hair," and she caught hold of the long jet black tresses, which had been carefully plaited, and pulled them around over her shoulder to show me. "A girl fixes it that way every day for me. She is my maid," and Zoe laughed again. It was like a fairy tale to the girl to be dropped into such luxury and affluence. I shall be happy to consign her to your affluence.
"What do the other people say and do?" asked.

Concluded To-morrow. CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

Founded by a Capachia Father and Still Un der the Care of the Order.

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Pitt

street was founded by the Rev. Bonaventure Frey in 1857, for the benefit of the German Catholics in the eastern part of the city. In those years immigration had begun to increase to such an extent that its effect was very appreciable, especially in the east

side district. The parish formerly was a part of St.
Mary's, but its separation from that parish was authorized by Archbishop McCloskey, who saw and ap-CHURCH OF OUR LADY preciated the needs of

the German Catholics in that part of the city. Three lots were purchased on Pitt street, and the erection of the church immediately began, the corner-stone of which was laid Aug. 15, 1867. It was dedicated Sept. 6, 1868, by Archbishop McCloskey.

The building, which has a frontage of 66 feet on Pitt street and is 100 feet long, is a handsome structure of the Byzantine style and will accommodate a congregation of 1,200 people. Father Frey being a member

1,200 people. Father Frey being a member of the Order of Capuchin Fathers, the church was placed under the care of this order from the beginning. As soon as the congregation began to increase a number of Capuchin Fathers came from the West, where the first communities of the order had been established, and where the Superior General resided, and organized a house here.

When Father Bonaventure, a few years after, was transferred to the Church of St. John the Baptist, the Rev. Laurentius Vorwegk, who is now at the head of the parish, succeeded him. His first pastorate was a brief one, but during this period he was able to carry out the design of the founder so far that the ground for the parochial school was purchased and the work on the schoolhouse begun.

pastorate.
Connected with the church is the Capuchin Convent, which was founded by the Rev. Father Frey. Father Vorwerk is the guardian, and it contains four fathers and two lay brothers. There is also a Third Order of St. Francis in the parish, rosary and aftar societies and a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The parochial schools are now in a most prosperous condition. The boys' school, at 219 Stanton street, has an average daily attendance of 352 pupils, and the girls' school, tendance of a 22 pupils, and the girls school, at 107 Pitt street, has 450 pupils. Father Laurentius himself is greatly interested in educational matters and is a member of the Diocesan School Board.

Father P. Laurentius Vorwerk, O. M. Cap.,

Father P. Laurentius Vorwerk, O. M. Cap., was born in Burlington, Ia., Aug. 15, 1841. He obtained his early education at the Calvary College, Wisconsin, and entered the Capuchin Order. He was ordained May 22, 1869. He came to New York shortly afterwards, where he was associated with Father Frey at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows and was chosen to succeed him. He left New York, however, for Milwaukee, where he established the Church of St. Francis and placed it upon a firm basis. He only remained in Milwaukee long enough, however, to see the church securely established, when he returned to his former charge in this city. Since his return he has been zealous and earnest in building up the parish, improving its educational facilities and ministering to its religious needs. ts religious needs.

His present assislants in the parochial work are the Rev. P. Louis Hengen, O. M. Cap.; Rev. P. Timothy Grossman, O. M. Cap.; Rev. P. Casimir Lutfring, O. M. Cap., and Rev. P. Martin Bucchel, O. M. Cap.

WELL-KNOWN STATEN ISLANDERS. Jack Taylor is one of the best typesetters on the

the score. Samuel Hobson, train despatcher at St. George, is an old railroader of wide experience. Albert Jones, ticket agent at the Stapleton rail-

David Jacobs, of Stapleton, counts his friends by

way station, has a friend in every person that passes through the gate. James Johnson, junior partner in a large housefurnishing establishment in New Brighton, is on

Herman Sprung, proprietor of the Baltimore, in

Tompkinsville, has many friends among New York business men who live on Staten Island, W. C. Devon, of Port Richmond, High Priest of Tyrian Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, has just returned from the annual convocation of the order at Albany.

hand with Alert Hose at every fire.

County Clerk C. A. Hart, who always runs ahead of his ticket at the polls, takes a deep interest in the improvement of Staten Island. He is the owner of Hart Park

George Allen, who came from Washington when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company took harge of the rapid transit road, has risen to be chief carpenter of the road.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.



THIS IS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Few Seem to Know It, However, as It Has Gone Out of Fashlon.

The good St. Valentine seems to have gone out of fashion, like a dude after he has got married. Supt. Richards, of the delivery system of the Post-Office, says that he had forgotten that to-day was the day set apart for the honor of the lovers' patron saint. There had been no perceptible increase in business at the Post-Office on account of St.

business at the Post-Office on account of St. Valentine, wherefore the carriers are fervently thankful.

The custom of sending valentines has been waning since 1872, in which year it reached its highest popularity. Like the roller rink and a host of other things good in moderation, valentines died through over-nourishment in this land of overdoing.

St. Valentine was a priest of the early Church. His birthday came during the season of the old pagan festival of Lufercol, one of the ceremonies of which was the placing of the names of the maidens of a party in a vase. These were drawn by an equal num-

These were drawn by an equal num-Roman swains and each youth's became his valentine. The custom has continued down to the present, but now-adays the young people independently choose their own valentines.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Police Capts. Meakim, McEiwain, Eakins, Copeand and McDonnell are on the sick list, rheumaism and lumbago being the principal aliments. Inspector Steers is a genius in his way, and has a kilfully arranged burglar alarm, elesignal and gas lighter and extinguisher of his own

reation in his Manhattanville home.

Harry Morris, who now serves with elegance and lespatch in a calé in Broadway, near Park place, is reported to be one of the most travelled among

from Troy a few months ago. J. E. Lowenstein, the Walker street restaurateur, is generally ready to take a hand in a game of pinochle for the coffee with his customers, while his pretty daughter comes in with her fancy work

The Police Commissioners all have handsome incomes saide from the \$5,000 a year they receive from the city, President French from successful mining speculations, Mr. Voorbis from his busines as abstair-builder, Mr. McClave from his planingmill and Gen. Porter from his army pension.

What Shall He Do ?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish to consult you in regard to military matters, viz.: I was formerly connected with a regiment in this city, having enlisted in December, 1882, at the age of eighteen, without the consent of my parents, who were much incensed when they learned of it. I did considerable duty for about two years, and then the business I was in did not permit me to attend drills. So, about two years ago, in the spring of 1886, I was notified by the captain in command of the company that if I did not appear on a certain date I would be expelled from the company. This notice was in writing. I did not appear at the time mentioned, and a member of the at the time mentioned, and a member of the company notified me in person that I was expelled and demanded my uniform, which I surrendered to him. Then about June, 1887, I was notified to appear before a court-martial to answer certain charges of delinquency which had been preferred against me. I appeared and placed the letter before the Court showing that I was no longer a member of the reginent, and the President gave no decision in the matter at that time. But to-day a Marshal appeared at my place of business and demanded \$20 or my body, but finally consented to defer my arrest a week, until I and demanded \$20 or my body, but finally consented to defer my arrest a week, until I had time to make an appeal to the regiment. Will you kindly inform me what to do in the matter, as I am unable to pay the money and do not wish to repose in Ludlow Jail for twenty days. By advising me in this matter will greatly oblige a constant reader.
b. 13. Ex-Guardsman.

No Map Has Ever Been Published. (From Tid-Bits.)
New Yorker (in Boston)—Can you direct me to

Officer-Cert'. You go through Prayince court to Washington street, skin through Cornhill until you come to the straight part, circle 'round Scollay Square' till you find an outlet, and inquire again. That's as far as my beat goes.

An Unkind Cut. [From Tid-Bits.]
Noted Author (to magazine editor)—Did you read

the last article that I forwarded to you, sir ? Magazine Editor (with a burt look)—Read it, sir Do you think I would so far forget myself as to read one of your articles before accepting it? Never! Here is the check, sir.

THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

me of the Missives Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City.

Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten

Mayor Hewitt—The offer of afrenomination and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power.

and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power. Collector Magone—An illustrated card, entitled "Fun in the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians."

Maurice B. Fiynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Rollin M. Squire.

Rotlin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn.

Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffy apologizing for the magistrate's abuse of the Alderman.

Ex-Register John Reilly—A petition from 5,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a candidate for Congress.

Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades.

Supt. George Stewart, of the Morton House—A gold badge for the handsomest mustache in New York.

Dr. George Kretz, President of the Anawanda Club—A pair of curling irons to keep his hyperian bangs in proper caper on his alabaster and Websterian brow.

M. P. Phillips—The presidency of a tribunal to settle all disputes, wagers and disagreements between sporting men.

Alderman Joseph Murray—A life-size crayon of Police Justice Maurice J. Power from Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan, with a note saying, "You can have it but don't give away."

Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken

away."

Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken
Turtle Club—A book entitled, "How to
Catch Mock Turtles."

Police Justice Daniel O'Reilly—A hope for
a union between Tammany Hall and the
County Democracy, and O'Reilly for Sheriff,
from Jacob Phillips.

Thomas O'Rorke, the well-known sporting
man—Two dozen jars of clives from members

man—Two dozen jars of olives from members of the Union Square Club.
E. C. Vernam, proprietor of the Morton House—A copyright of the smile with which he greets his guests and patrons, Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue

Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel
—A patent on his shape.

Surveyor Beattie—A request to appoint a
man in the Custom House signed "Yours as
ever, James W. Boyle and James J. Kelso.
See you to-night at the Hoffman."

Col. Theodore A. Hamilton—A contract to

circulate a rumor,
John Jay Matthews—An offer from a pub-

John Jay Matthews—An offer from a publishing firm to pay him \$5,000 to write up his reminiscences.

Arthur Berry, Private Secretary of Mayor Hewitt—A book entitled "The Good-Natured Man," from the City Hall reporters.

J. C. Lulley, of the Aqueduct Commission—An order for a box of reinas from clerks in the office who object to the flavor of cigars with onion wranters. the office who object to the havor of cigars with onion wrappers.

Alderman Alfred R. Conkling—A prediction that he will be Mayor in 1900.

Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club—A resolution certifying that he is one of the most popular of club presidents.

Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from

Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from citizens of Saratoga for the real estate boom inaugurated by him at the Springs.

Ex-Senator Francis M. Bixby—Suggestions about the leadership of Irving Hall, with a recommendation to keep his left eye on Nick Haughton.

Ex-Assemblyman Peter F. Murray—A copy of the song. "Look out for yourself; I'll catch on by and by," from Frederick W. Latham.

Ex-Assistant Alderman Issae Robinson—A

Latham.

Ex-Assistant Alderman Isaac Robinson—A request to write a book on the political history of the Eighth Ward.

Nicholas Langdon—An honorable discharge from membership of the "Third House" after an active service of thirty years.

Stephen O'Brien—The cake for joining the County Democracy.

Warden Walsh—Tears from tiers in the Tombs from men who have been on tares.

Tombs from men who have been on tares.

Richard E. Mott, Deputy Clerk of the
Board of Aldermen—A life of Andrew Jack;
son, from Alderman Walker.

Congressman Timothy J. Campbell—An
ode entitled "Me Darling Tim," by William
(Geochegan) Geoghegan.
Detective Hickey—A box of anti-fat remedies. James J. Fleming—A blackthorn stick from

ex-Senator Daly.

Kaufman Worms, of the Sixth District
Civil Court—A portrait of Justice Lachman.
Question—Will he hang it above or below the
portrait of ex-Justice Kelly? Registered at the Hotels. W. R. Hearst, of San Francisco, is at the Hoff-

man.
Lients. F. D. Ramsey and H. Leyder are at the Grang. Adam A. Kramer, of Cincinnati, is at the Fifth Arthur McEman, also from the Golden City of California, is at the Hoffman. T. P. Bazilin, Forest Commissioner, of Croghan, N. Y., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue. A. R. Loemis, of Fort Dodge, and F. W. Wool ley, of Albany, have rooms at the Sturtevant.

C. C. Stockley, ex-Governor of Deleware, and Capt. A. H. Sweny, U. S. A., are at the Glasey. William Reynolds, of Albany, who occasionally smuses himself by buying or seiling a railroad, has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel. Many of the inhabitants of Rochester place their money in B. R. Lawrence's bank. At present Mr. Lawrence has rooms at the Albemarie. John H. Kendali, a planter from New Orleans, and C. W. Scofield, of Cleveland, also have their agnatures upon the Fifth Avenue's register.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD

SHOP BUTCHERS WORKING SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY ON SMALL PAY.

The Working People Could Lighten the Labor of These Men by Buying Their Meat Supplies Earlier in the Day-A Little Money Spent in Ice Would Help

Among the overworked and underpaid tollers of this city there are none who have harder lines than the journeymen shop butchers, They labor in the freezing cold markets for fifteen or sixteen hours a day and on Saturdays twenty hours, some getting \$10 and \$12 week and others as low as \$8 and \$9. On sundays they toil from 6 o'clock in the morning until 11.30 in the winter season, and begin

ing until 11.30 in the winter season, and begin an hour earlier in the summer.

President T. J. Ryan, of the Journeymen Shop Butchers' Union, in speaking of the matter to an Evening World reporter to-day said: "Twelve hours a day should be the limit of our work, and we should not be required to labor on Sundays, Some of the bosses would be perfectly willing to reduce the hours of labor if the people could be induced to do their trading within a reasonable time and to make their purchases for Sanday the day before. They could obtain better meat on Saturday and would not have to take that which has been overhauled by so many persons.

persons.

"It is the poorer people who do late trading on week days and on Sundays that cause so many butchers in the retail shops all over the city to work until they are nearly ex-

hausted.
"I know two young men who carried sixty-four quarters of beef on their shoulders on Saturday last, and worked until 3 o'clock Sunday morning. Then then had to get up again at 6 and stand at the blocks and serve customers until 11.30 o'clock in the forences. forenoon.
"We have but a few hours on Sunday in

"We have but a few hours on Sunday in which to cleanse ourselves and change our greasy and blood-stained garments and take greatly needed rest.

"Some of the bosses, including my employer, are as considerate as the demands of their customers and the competition in the business will admit. They would, no doubt, be willing to reduce the hours of labor if the shop butchers generally would agree to do so.

' In the large public markets the journeymen have shorter hours than we do on week days. They are not required to work on Sundays. Our long hours of labor are due men have shorter hours than we do on week days. They are not required to work on Sundays. Our long hours of labor are due mainly to the working people. If we could bring about reasonable and uniform hours for the opening and closing of the retail shops we would be relieved. If The Eventual World exerts its influence in our behalf I think that we may be able to bring about a change, and every boss and every journeyman in this big city would rise up and bless it."

it."

John Doheny, Treasurer of the union, indorsed Mr. Ryan's statement, and added, significantly: "Let the poor workingmen do away with a pint of beer less a day and buy night, and we will have no Sunday work."

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



An Incident of St. Valentine. [From Harper's Basar.] " I say, Bob, that's the spooniest valentine I've

received to-day."

(Horror of Bob on recognizing his own verses written to the only being in the world that he, .ac.) Understood the Case.

Recently Married Daughter-I am about as happy as most wives, I suppose.

Doesn't your husband treat you well?"

Oh, yes; in a humdrum sort of way. He's a very ordinary, every-day sort of a man."

Oh, well, my dear, girls can't expect to be pirates' brides in this practical age, you know."

Mother-Why, my dear, you don't seem a bit

"I suppose so,"
"No. I know what the matter is, You need excitement. Get a servant girl.

(From Texas Strings.) asked a New Yorker of a Western man. "Yes, right chilly at times."
"How low does the thermometer get!" "I don't know anything about the thermometer, but it's got to be so cold that my wife puts on gloves to wash the dishes."

Somewhat Chilly.

War's Dread Havec. [From Harper's Basar.]
Little Flossie (to Aunt Minerva)—Were you nevel married, aunty ?

married, aunty?

Aunt Minerva (with a sigh)—Ab, no, Flossie; the gentleman to whom I gave my young heart's affections was killed in the war.

Little Flossie (eyes filling with tears)—Was he killed in the Revolutionary war, aunty? [From Texas S(flings.]
He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the

subject of the tariff. Said he, 'Take whiskey, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark, 'Tank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand treat or die.

A Big Gas Well. [From the Pittebury Dispatch.]
Texas is the proud possessor of a gas wellowhich

Very True, So They Do. [Prom Tid-Bits.] The man who runs all about for advice
When in a dilemma he's thrown.
Is tolerably sure to go back out of breath,
And eventually follow his own.

The World is THE "Want" Medium. A Comparison: Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887.

602,39 f Total number in Herald... 438,476 Excess of World over Herald 163,915

Number of columns of "Advts," in World during 1887..... Number of columns in Herald...

Excess of World over Her-

7,049 One of the Many.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1868. DEAR SIR: Wishing to obtain a shorthand and ype writer we placed an advertisement in the Heraid of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 24 replies; in The World of Jan. 5, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 115 replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. 8 R. Lake.

16,970

9,921